

*"But Do They Ever Go." Says John  
Hardy, Son of Mr. and Mrs.  
Herb. Hardy of Town*

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Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Hardy, Glen-  
elg St. W., received an air-mail  
letter Monday forenoon and a  
cable the same afternoon from their  
son,, Tpr. John Hardy, acquainting  
them of his safe arrival overseas.

A few extracts from his letter  
will be of interest:--

Dear Mom and Dad: I hope you  
got the cable in good time to re-  
lieve the silence. I'm trying all the  
different methods and you can let  
me know what kind of service we  
get on each.

We had good meals on the train  
through Que., N.B. and N.S. There  
was one cooking car and men were  
appointed to bring the food back  
to the coaches. When we first got  
on the train over here we were  
given coffee and doughnuts, gum,  
life-savers and cigarettes by the  
British women and American Red  
Cross. We also stopped twice along

the way for tea. Everyone laughs when he first sees the English trains, they are so small, little freight cars about the size of an express wagon and engines in proportion, but do they ever go! I like the coaches the way they are divided off into compartments for six, it's a bit more quiet and private. I haven't seen much yet but Scotland seems to have it all over England—it's such a quaint place with narrow paths for roads and old stone fences all over. The people over here really know there is a war on. When the train passed through, even little children about three waved the victory V at us.

I hope you're getting cold weather for curling, Dad, and winning all the championships. We have quite a time in the blackouts, you can't see anything. I walked right into a brick wall last night.

Will write often, all for now

Love, John

**"Everyone Laughs When He  
Sees the English Trains,"  
Says Lindsay Boy Overseas**